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[WHOLE NO. 213.]

**"Lines to Miss E."**  
BY FREDERICK ADOLPHUS.

Accept of this! 'tis all I ask  
Of thee, whom once I loved so well—  
But I must now forget the past,  
In lonely solitude to dwell.

I loved thee once—I love thee still!  
Thou'rt soon another bride, you'll be—  
I love thee now and ever will  
Till my soul departs from me.

Oh! look! I only ask of thee  
Beside the acceptance of this book,  
And that is, sometimes think of me,  
When on this page you cast a look.

And think of me, not as a lover  
But as a friend, a true and true friend,  
But think of me as a dear brother,  
With whom you played in childhood's hour.

Adieu! adieu! 'tis all I crave,  
I have no more to ask of thee;  
Adieu! adieu! a soldier's grave  
Will soon be all that's left of me.

**COINCIDENCE.**

BY HELEN R. RODRIGUES.  
CHAPTER III.

"The sweetest sleep and finest dream,  
That ever entered in a dreamy head."

"To you I am bound for life and love;  
My life and education both depend on me  
How to support you."

But here's my husband,  
And so much duty as my mother should  
To you, pressing you to leave her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Her to the Moon, my love!—*ORANGE.*

"I have done this that, with all my heart,  
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee!"—*ORANGE.*

He moved for a while; then drawing his  
chair nearer to mine, he said, in a low voice—  
"I have a tale to relate which you will listen  
to?" and without waiting for an answer continued:

"I will tell you the dream which I dreamed  
long ago, in my own beautiful home—the  
dream which has been my beacon through  
long years gone by—the dream which led me  
to leave my Sunny Clime, without a sigh;  
without one regretful look, as I gazed upon its  
Orange Groves, and Vineyards, perhaps for  
the last time, to seek far distant countries,  
where snow-crowned mountains rise, one above  
the other, in the distance; and where the tall  
pines elevate their heads, like so many giants of  
antiquity."

"One evening, lured on by the aroma  
buried zephyrs, I wandered far away among  
the Orange Groves. Worn by my long  
ramble, and overcome by the overpowering  
perfume which the blossoms exhale, I laid me  
down beneath a tree, and fell asleep. 'Twas there  
I had this dream. A beautiful woman appeared  
to me, leading a lovely young girl, the  
counterpart of herself. She approached;  
and rousing me, said in a commanding voice:  
'Rise, and follow the guiding star of your  
existence;—and disappeared, leaving her  
companion, who receded, as I approached. She  
led me thus over miles of unknown country.  
Finally gaining upon her, I would have clasped  
her in my arms; when a young girl appeared,  
and endeavored to interrupt me; but my  
prize growing bold, turned, and flinging her  
arms around my neck, clung to me, despite  
her efforts to the contrary. I awoke; and  
impressed with a feeling I had never before  
experienced, I bade adieu to Italy, and bearing  
in my heart the image of her I felt God  
had destined for my wife, I set forth on my  
weary pilgrimage to find her. But fruitless  
proved my toilsome journey: for many years I  
have wandered, and endured the cold, search-  
ing glances of strangers; have been a volun-  
tary exile from my beloved Italy; have, leading  
an unloved life, refused all entreaties to return  
to the yearning hearts of my kindred in the  
vain search for her whom I idolized as an  
'Ideal;' until last evening when the kind  
storm forced me to seek your door. Now that  
I have found her a living reality, you will give  
her to me; will let me press her to this heart,  
which beats for her alone, and call her mine—  
my Alice?"

"Oh! God spare me! take all else, but leave  
me Alice!" I answered shuddering; and rising  
left the room, to seek Alice and speak with her.  
I found her on the doorstep, sitting in the sun-

shine which had followed the storm. Alice laid  
her head in my lap, and prepared to listen to  
me.

"This is very sudden Alice!" I began, as I  
played with her curls.  
"What is, Minnie?"

"The presumptuous proposal of this stran-  
ger!"

"Beware! Minnie, I love him."

"This is more serious—a stranger you have  
known but a night!"

"I have known him for months; have loved  
him, as my future husband; the chosen of my  
mother; the blessed of my God, and as such,  
will continue to love him until I die."

"This is insatiable, Alice!"

"It may be but an infatuation that will last  
until the cord which binds me to life wears  
away!"

"Do you entertain the slightest idea of mar-  
rying this stranger, Alice?"

"Yes; with your consent!"

"That you will never obtain!"

"You would not make me miserable, Min-  
nie?"

"I love you dearly, Alice, but I can never  
consent to your marrying one, of whom I know  
nothing, and besides dislike!"

"But you will conquer this dislike: will  
love him for my sake; will you not, Minnie?"

And as she spoke, she twined her arms caress-  
ingly about my neck.

"No!" I replied bitterly—"You must  
choose between us, Alice; between this stran-  
ger, who would sever every tie that is dear to  
you, and the one who rescued you from the  
arms of death; who took you, an unknown  
foundling, to her heart, and wrapping you in  
the mantle of her love, gave up her life to you,  
and whom you now ask to bestow you upon  
one who would separate you from her and  
those you have loved."

"Oh! Minnie, sister,—my more than mo-  
ther—spare me! I can not help it; God has  
given him my love, I can not wrest it from  
him!"

"The sophistry I thought you would use;  
God has not bestowed your love upon him, but  
your own heart."

"Minnie, do not endeavor to explain to me  
what you yourself do not understand."

"You have seen him in your dream; will  
you describe his personal appearance, Alice?"

"Why?"

Feeling certain she would fail, I replied:  
"Should you give a correct description, I may  
think over this union; and, perhaps, consent;  
but should you not, I exact a promise from  
you to dismiss the subject forever—do you  
agree to this, Alice?"

"I do!" she replied while a smile lit up her  
face.

"What is his stature?"

"He is tall!"

"The size of his mouth?"

"Small!"

"What kind of nose has he?"

"Inclined to aquiline!"

"The color of his hair?"

"Black!"

"His eyes?"

"Black!"

"Is he handsome or ugly?"

"Inclined to be handsome!"

"What is his complexion?"

"A clear olive!"

Dismayed at her accurate description, I was  
silent.

"Have I been correct in my answers, Min-  
nie?"

"Yes!"

"Then you'll think this over?"

"Alice!" I exclaimed, passionately; at-  
tempting for the last time to appeal to her af-  
fections; "This thing is impossible; you can-  
not marry this stranger; you know him not;  
reflect for but an instant upon the probable  
consequences, ere you make up your mind to  
madly plunge into the river of matrimony  
without sounding its depths. After marry-  
ing, he will bear you away from those who  
have cherished you to his family, who may re-  
pudiate, and scorn you as an unknown found-  
ling. Suppose that he deserts you, in an un-  
known land, where not even your native lan-  
guage is understood? Then turn and think  
how many ties you would sever; how many  
loving hearts you would leave; of the home  
you would make desolate—Alice, think of all  
the familiar faces, which may never again

bead lovingly over their darling; of this dear  
old homestead where your childhood's days  
were past; of all the pets you have caressed;  
of me, Minnie, who has loved and cared for  
you, and whose child you have ever been—  
Oh! Alice, do not desert me; you'll break my  
heart for this stranger? Say you will not;  
and be my child; my own Alice once more!"

I pleaded with tearful eyes. For several  
moments she answered not; I could see the  
inward struggle between gratitude, and love,  
by the quivering of the ruby lips, and the  
rapid heaving of the snowy bosom. I dwelt  
with eager eyes upon her troubled counte-  
nance; awaiting her reply, when a hasty step  
sounded upon my ear. I turned, to meet the  
eyes of the stranger fixed upon my face.

"Have you ever loved?" he enquired.

"Sir!" I replied, indignantly, rising. Pay-  
ing no further attention to me, he stooped, and  
taking Alice's hand, in his, said:

"Alice, you will go with me to Italy's beau-  
tiful shores, where the maiden twines the pure  
blossom of the Myrtle and the rich hued  
Poinsettia with the silver tresses of her  
ebon hair, as she wanders through the Orange  
Groves, or along the banks of some silvery  
lake, plucking the luscious purple grape of  
her sunny clime; where heavenly strains of  
music lull you to sleep, and starry-eyed flow-  
ers cluster about your footsteps, on every side,  
You will go with me, Alice, and be my bride!"

I noticed that his voice took the same low,  
musical tone in which he had placed, I to me,  
and fearing the result of his speech, I threw as  
much sternness in to my voice as I could com-  
mand, and said: "Choose between us, Alice!"

She answered not, but twined her arms  
about his neck, and rested her head against  
his breast. Almost breathless, I reluctantly  
yielded my consent to their union, feeling it  
useless to struggle against the current,  
which would inevitably bear me on.

Six months after, a bridal party stood up in  
our village church. The bride, was our  
Alice; the groom, Ernest Sylvester L.  
Estrange.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
"Rome, there, dear, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there, dear, that Romeo's faithful wife!"  
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Her rosy lips how sweet they smiled,  
Her jet black eyes how bright they shone,  
There never was a lovelier child;  
And

**LAW.**

With Alice departed the sunshine of the old  
Homestead; and though bright rays would  
break in and dispel the clouds of gloom settling  
upon our hearts, shedding a warm glow around  
when her sweet voice from afar would speak  
to us in terms of endearment, telling of her  
great happiness in her foreign home, through  
the long loving letters we received monthly,  
and over which we pored with brimming eyes;  
still the dark clouds would gather, closing up  
the void; shutting out the sunshine, and cloth-  
ing every thing in their own sombre hue; as  
memory recalled that she was no longer the  
child we had taken to our hearts, the bud we  
had watched unfold its each leaf, beneath the  
genial rays of our love, opening into a beau-  
tiful blossom, with which we had crowned a  
stranger's happiness. Nay! we even murmur-  
ed in our hearts, on receiving the joyful tidings  
that after giving birth to a sweet babe, and  
lying for hours in a deathlike slumber, she  
had awakened with the glorious gift of re-  
newed sight, that we had not been the first ob-  
ject to greet her newborn vision. But time  
continues his onward course, heedless of grief's  
tears or pleasure's smiles; and so the years  
were on, until the 6th of Alice's absence arrived;  
during which, when the earth was robbed in  
white, and her rainbow hued diamonds glit-  
tered upon her bosom, my gentle mother,  
weary of her long journey, laid aside her  
heavy burden of cares, and bidding us all a  
tender farewell, plunged into the dark waters  
of the river of death. Then during my be-  
reavement, came a message of love from my  
child, telling the welcome news, that she would  
come to us in the spring. And when the ten-  
der leaves peeped forth, to greet their smiling  
protectress, Alice returned to us, with a little  
lisp of miniature, that she had named after  
me; a sweet prattler, whose gleeful shouts of  
infantile laughter were echoed back by the  
ivy ever-grown wall of the old Homestead; as  
with childish curiosity she peered into its

nooks, and corners. Alice passed the summer  
with me; and as time flew, the day appointed  
for their departure drew nearer. But Alice  
was destined never to return to Italy. Within  
a week of the day, her husband sickened; and  
despite our careful nursing, and the best of  
medical attendance, passed from earth.

We laid him beside my mother, and Alice,  
tarried with me yet awhile longer, tending her  
little darling, and strewn flowers upon the  
grave of the departed; her spirit yearning  
for his release. A few months after God granted  
her prayer, and summoned her to heaven.  
We laid our Alice, to slumber serenely beside  
the one she loved."

"But what became of the little Minnie?"

"As Alice's last gift she took the place in  
my heart her mother had left vacant; and  
has lived to bless me for the care I bestowed  
upon her childhood."

As she spoke, the old lady took off her  
spectacles, and wiped them; adding, as she  
replaced them,

"Yes! she has indeed!"

"But who is she now?"

"Your mother, my child!" I turned my  
eyes towards my mother's seat, to find her  
chair vacant, and catch a glimpse of her skirts;  
ere the door closed behind her, as she gazed  
from the room.

**"Affection's Tribute."**  
Inspired by Miss H. H.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

It may be that the future years  
Which pass so swiftly by,  
May bring their weight of woe to me,  
My heart with anguish cry:  
It may be that my heart will mourn,  
O'er hopes departed now;  
Face place an icy hand upon  
My throbbing, heated brow.

It may be that my heart will feel,  
The withering hand of night;  
Dark clouds obscure my sunny path,  
And put my dreams to flight;  
Friends that I think so fond and true,  
May false and worthless prove—  
May break this trusting heart so full,  
Of happiness and love.

Perchance despair, wrung with regret,  
May be my future lot,  
And I amid other scenes so new,  
Be dying yet forgot;  
Perchance misfortune all too soon,  
May follow on my track,  
Remembrances of wretched pain,  
With weight of grief come back.

And yet again my path may still  
Be sunny, thrice so bright;  
No passing cloud stop to obscure,  
The happy, dazzling light;  
Gay flowers be strewn around my way,  
Hopes joyous fill my heart,  
The light of love, of happiness,  
May never on earth depart.

Be as it may, one thing I know,  
One hour I'll never forget;  
It lingers with me 'mid all scenes,  
Is present with me yet;  
It was the hour I spent with thee,  
So happy, yet so brief—  
While memory smiles so faithfully,  
My heart is filled with grief.

Grief when I think, no more on earth  
My hand may clasp thine own,  
No more may hear thy low, sweet voice,  
Thy gentle, tender tone;  
I grieve, ah! yes, for I had learned,  
Within that happy time,  
To love thee, with a love too true,  
Thus to be told in rhyme!

And tho' this lovely land of ours,  
The home so dear to me,  
May be less fair, less sunny, than  
Your own, across the sea,  
I trust that you will learn to love—  
One heart it holds so true,  
That knows no other feeling than,  
Affection deep for you.

Then may the orphan's Father fold  
Thee to his guarding breast,  
And with his love so holy, pure,  
Give thee eternal rest;  
And while the years may come and go,  
This heart may wish in vain;  
But not less fondly will it wish,  
That we may meet again.  
Charlotte, N. C.

**"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."**

Madame Elizabeth Ortes, the great-grand  
mother of the editor of the St. Louis Bulletin  
is one hundred and five years of age, and has  
resided in that city one hundred and three  
years.

**"The Autumn Rain."**  
BY INA CLAYTON.

Beating against the window-pane,  
Comes the cheerless, autumn rain,  
And the day is dark and dreary,  
The wind gives forth a restless moan,  
The trees are bare and the birds are flown,  
And the rain is never weary.

The brook has found another song,  
As gaily it winds its way along,  
Its voice is loud and cheery,  
That I might forget my joyless woe,  
As I listen to the brooklet's flow,  
That my heart could be less woe.

But the cheerless rain, the autumn rain,  
Makes sadder still this heart of pain,  
'Till all of earth seems dreary,  
And in the grey of coming time,  
Winter may chance to see this rhyme,  
Will know my heart was weary.

**A COMPENDIUM OF LAW.**  
NUMBER XVI.

*Freehold Estates of Inheritance, and not of In-  
heritance.*

An estate in lands, tenements and heredita-  
ments, signifies such interest as the tenant  
hath therein. It is called in Latin, *status*; it  
signifying the condition, or circumstances, in  
which the owner stands with regard to his prop-  
erty. And to ascertain this with proper pre-  
cision and accuracy, estates may be considered  
in a three fold view: first, with regard to the  
quantity of interest which the tenant has in the  
tenement; secondly, with regard to the time at  
which that quantity of interest is to be en-  
joyed; and thirdly, with regard to the number  
and connections of the tenants.

The quantity of interest which a tenant has  
in a tenement, is measured by its duration  
and extent. Thus, either his right of posses-  
sion is to subsist for an uncertain period, dur-  
ing his own life, or the life of another man; to  
determine at his own death, or to remain to  
his descendants after him; or it is circum-  
scribed within a certain number of years,  
months, or days; or lastly, it is infinite and  
unlimited, being vested in him and his repre-  
sentatives for ever.

And this occasion the primary division of  
estates, into such as are *freehold*, and such as  
are *less than freehold*.

An estate of freehold, liberum tenementum,  
or franktenement, is defined by Britton to be  
"the possession of the soil by a freeman." It  
is such an estate in lands as is conveyed by  
livery of seisin, or, in tenements of an incor-  
poreal nature, by what is equivalent thereto.  
Livery of seisin, is the old Feudal method of  
conveying land: it was perfected by the cere-  
mony of corporal investiture, or open and no-  
torious delivery of possession in the presence  
of others; which perpetuated among them,  
the era of the new acquisition, at a time when  
the art of writing was very little known; and  
therefore the evidence of property was reposed  
in the memory of the neighborhood.

It is laid down by Lord Littleton, that where  
a freehold passes, it behooveth to have livery  
of seisin. As therefore estates of inheritance  
and estates for life, could not by common law  
be conveyed without livery of seisin these are  
properly, estates of freehold; and as no other  
estates were conveyed with same solemnity,  
therefore no others are properly freehold  
estates. But for the old method of convey-  
ance, by livery of seisin, has been substituted  
in our day, that of conveyance by Deed.

Estates of freehold are either estates of in-  
heritance or estates not of inheritance. The  
former are again divided into inheritances  
*absolute* or *fee simple*; and inheritances limited.  
Tenant in fee simple, is he that hath lands,  
tenements, or hereditaments, to hold to him  
and his heirs for ever, generally, absolutely  
and simply; without mentioning what heirs,  
but referring that to his own pleasure, or to  
the disposition of the law.

The word *heirs*, is necessary in the grant or  
donation, in order to make a fee, or inheritance.  
For if land be given to a man for ever, or to  
him and his assigns forever, this vests in him  
but an estate for life. But this rule does not  
extend to devises by will, nor to grants of  
lands to a sole corporation and successors, the  
word "successors," supplies the place of  
"heirs," for as heirs take from the ancestor, so  
doth the successor take from the predecessor.

Limited Fees are either 1. *Qualified* or *base*;  
or 2. *Conditional*. A base or qualified fee, is

one that has a qualification subjoined thereto, and one which must be determined whenever the qualification annexed to it, is at end. As in the case of a grant to A. and his heirs, citizens of *Greenboro*; in this instance, whenever the heirs of A. cease to be citizens of that place, the grant is defeated. A Conditional fee is one restrained to some particular heirs exclusive of others; as to the heirs of a man's body, by which only his lineal descendants were admitted, in exclusion of collateral heirs; or to the heirs male of his body, in exclusion both of collaterals, and lineal females also. It was called a conditional fee, by reason of the condition expressed or implied in the donation of it, that if the donee died without such particular heirs, the land should revert to the donor. The estate in *tail*, to which conditional fees were converted by the statute of Westminster the second, 13. Edw. 1st c. 1. and commonly called the statute de donis conditionalibus—is not in use in this State.

Freehold estates not of inheritance, but for life only. Some of these are conventional or expressly created by the act of the parties, others merely legal, or created by construction and operation of law. Estates for life, expressly created by deed or grant (which alone are properly conventional) are where a lease is made of lands or tenements to a man, to hold for the term of his own life, or for that of any other person, or for more lives than one; in any of which cases he is styled tenant for life, only, when he holds the estate for the life of another, he is called tenant *per autre vie*. Estates for life may be created not only by express words, but also by a general grant, without defining or limiting any specific estate.

A grant for term of life generally, shall be construed to be an estate for the life of the grantee; in case the grantor hath the power to re-vest such a grant; because an estate for one's own life is more beneficial and of a higher nature than for any other life; and the rule of law is, that all grants are to be taken most strongly against the grantor. But if an estate be granted to a widow during her widowhood, whenever she marries, her estate determines.

Every tenant for life, unless restrained by covenant, may take upon the land demised to him, reasonable—*estovers*, &c., necessities. But he is not permitted to cut down timber or do other waste upon the premises; for the destruction of such things, as are not the temporary profits of the tenement, is not necessary for the tenant's complete enjoyment of his estate, but tends to the permanent and lasting loss of the person entitled to the inheritance.

A tenant for life shall not be prejudiced by any sudden determination of his estate, because such a determination is contingent and uncertain. Therefore, if a tenant for his own life sows the lands and dies before harvest, his executors shall take the crop, for the benefit of the estate; for the estate was determined by the act of God and *actus Dei non facit injuriam*—the act of God does injury to no one.

But if the tenant determine his estate, himself; then otherwise. The statute *de donis* having never been entered into this State, the estate of tenant in tail after possibility of issue extinct, does not obtain here.

Tenant by the curtesy of England, is where a man marries a woman, seized of an estate of inheritance; and has by her issue, born alive, which was capable of inheriting her estate. In this case, he shall on the death of his wife, hold the land for his life, as tenant by the curtesy of England. As soon as a child is born, the father becomes tenant by the curtesy *habitu*; and this estate being once vested in him by the birth of a child, was not suffered to determine by the subsequent death or coming of age of said child.

Tenant in dower, is a third species of life estate, which should be treated of here in this connection, but which on account of its importance, and its common use, in this State, will be deferred for the next essay.

#### VEGETARIAN LIFE.

The American Vegetarian Society is now holding its annual session in Philadelphia. The old officers were all re-elected. A series of resolutions were adopted asserting that, as a general rule, the strongest men in the world, the most beautifully organized and developed men, the fairest complexioned men, the wisest and most profound thinkers, the most moral, humane and virtuous men, and the longest lived men, have been vegetarians; and facts well established abundantly prove that those who live exclusively on a vegetable diet can endure the extremes of heat and cold, hard and long continuous toil and exposure, and long continued privation, better than those who live on a flesh or mixed diet—that a moral, social and religious life is best promoted and improved by living a vegetarian life.

#### SERVED THEM RIGHT.

Boston, Sept. 21.—Andrew Giddow and John Turner, convicted of prize fighting on an island in Boston harbor, were to-day sentenced to the State prison for one year.

PACIFIC TELEGRAPH CONTRACT AWARDED. Washington, Sep. 21.—The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded the contract of the Pacific telegraph to Henson Sibley, President of the Western Telegraph Union. The other bidders have withdrawn their bids.

Minister McLane leaves Washington to-day for Key West, where he will join the ship of war *Dawson*, and proceed to Vera Cruz, and assume the duties of our representative in Mexico.

### RELIGIOUS WORLD.

#### BAPTISTS IN BURMAH.

The mission of the American Baptist Union among the Karens, in Burmah, has a wonderful history. Only thirty years ago, the first convert was baptized, and now the number of church members is over fifteen thousand, and the natives under regular Christian instruction amount to more than 100,000. The station at Toungoo was commenced about seven years ago, by a native preacher, and in two years there numbered in that place 2,000 converts. The Rev. Dr. Elnsey, sometime President of the Columbian College in Washington city, is at present prominently connected with this prosperous mission.

#### BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

The Kentucky Baptist Association will be held at Cross Roads meeting House in Edgemoor county, 8 miles from Tabor, commencing on Friday the 5th of October next.

#### AN UNCONVERTED WORLD.

Have our readers considered how large a portion of the inhabitants of the globe are without God and without hope in the world? The population of the globe is estimated at round numbers at one thousand millions. Of these, 330 millions are followers of Buddha, and heretics of a system of utter Atheism, which acknowledges no God, no Redeemer, no resurrection from the dead; 100 millions are the worshippers of Benham, Vishnu, and Siva, the most subtle and sophisticated of all the religions of the heathen, and at the same time the most utterly obscene and licentious; 150 millions are Mohammedans; 100 millions are African idolaters, worshipping sticks, stones, or animals, as fetiches, and given up to the most debasing idolatry; 10 millions are idolatrous inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans; 60 millions are connected with the Greek Church, and the versed in corrupt creeds and images worship, know not the true God; 100 millions are Roman Catholics, and though in individuals among them may even through its immunities have found Christ, yet the great masses are ignorant of him. Finally, 100 millions are nominally Protestants, but a small portion of these are really Christians. Truly, there is need to pray, "Thy kingdom come."

#### ENGLISH EPISCOPAL SALARIES.

There are 28 English Bishops, and they divide among themselves \$750,000. The average income is about \$25,000. While the average salary of the chief officers of the Government is only \$12,000.

On the other hand the poverty among the lower clergy is alarming. It is stated that over 400 clergymen are in great pecuniary distress. The Secretary of the Poor Clergy Relief Fund has issued a circular, containing some sorrowful statements. He says:

"On the 31 of January, 1890, a clergyman wrote to him thus: 'I am of twenty five years' standing, and for that period have only received an average income of \$41 per annum. I am a curate in sole charge, with a population of 12,000. I can struggle no longer, without the cause of our beloved church suffering through my deep poverty and inability to obtain even the necessities of life, as you will readily believe, when I tell you that within the last three months I have been wearing a coat in rags.'"

Now if these Bishops are what they pretend to be, the successors of the Apostles, ought they not to divide with their poorer brethren? And as they do not, ought not their churches, even "the seats," to thank God that they have no rich succession?

#### PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

France is at the head of European civilization, in all intellectual and material aspects. But she is far from taking the lead in a moral and religious point of view. Nevertheless the signs of the times are promising. The *facilities* of France is essentially Protestant. Political considerations have kept up the power of the Roman priesthood for three centuries; but that power has never been in France what it is in Spain or Italy, and to-day it is weaker than ever. A superficial observer, traveling through France, and seeing certain churches crowded, might suppose that Roman influence was growing; and the superficial reader of ultra-montane journals, believing their boasting and extravagant assertions, will receive the same impression. But the real powers that move France are literary and political. The wit and learning are not with the priests, on the contrary, the clearest writing in the daily journals, and the shrewdest *bon mots* in the salons of Paris, are let off at the expense of the reverend fathers. The political exigencies of the time tend the same way. The King of Sardinia and the Emperor of France are regarded by the Pope as, at best, rebellious and intractable children. The Papal lion goes begging in France. The bishops have become brokers and solicitors in vana; their eloquent appeals, full of classical citations and passages from the fathers, and labored as in fine as well as pathetic writing, have failed to open the purses of the faithful. The so-called Roman Catholics of France prefer solid earthly securities for their money; they have no faith in the "bank of heaven," so long, at least, as the Pope is the receiving teller.

There never was a more favorable time for the organization and development of Protestant agencies of evangelization, both in France and Italy. We propose, from time to time, to set forth the nature of these openings and the means in progress to fill them, believing that American Christians only need to know the real facts, to take a profound and personal interest in all Protestant efforts in these countries.

Among them all, there is at present none more hopeful than the Wesleyan Methodist Church of France. Its last Conference was held at Nismes, June 20th to 28th, and its sessions were full of interest. The whole number of preachers is twenty-nine, of whom twenty are in full connection. One of the most important acts of the Conference was the decision to organize a school for the education of ministers. The beginnings are to be made this year at Lausanne, under the direction of the Rev. Jas. Hocart, President of the Conference. His eminent qualifications afford a good omen for the success of the enterprise.

The reports of the Conference committees show a healthful and vigorous activity in the various departments of the work. The Committee des Renseignements, whose duty it is to see that the laws allowing liberty of worship are not violated, reported but one case as occurring during the year, in which the Wesleyan churches had been molested by a prefect. In that case, too, the interference was accidental and temporary. The Wesleyans of France are law abiding people, and the government seems to understand that they may be trusted. The schools under the patronage of the Conference are prospering. Three of these are at Nismes, and others are established at Paris, Calais, and in the department of the Alps. As a necessary means of evangelizing and perpetuating Methodism, the Conference has for some years been endeavoring to secure titles to their church buildings and grounds, most of which, heretofore, have been taken only on leases. The Committee on Real Estate reported a growing tendency among the people to become owners in fee of all such property—a tendency which augurs well for their confidence in the stability of Methodism. A beautiful chapel had been erected at Caylar during the year, and the debt of the chapel at Calais had been reduced by \$200, contributed in the same period. *Colportage* has been extensively used, in subordination to the pastoral work, especially in Paris and in Corsica; and the Conference, in view of the excellent results of the system thus far, passed several resolutions to favor its extension.

One of the strongest desires of the French Methodists is for a denominational and evangelizing literature. They publish a monthly paper called the *Evangeliste*, for which, by the way, we recommend our readers to subscribe. They can have it for \$1 a year, by sending their names to the office of the *Methodist*, or to Carlton & Porter, 204 Mulberry street. The French Methodists have a "Book Room" in Paris, where not only their own publications, but those of all the religious tract and book societies of France, England and the U. States can be purchased. Their own book list embraces translations of Wesley's sermons, several of Watson's works, and of Fletcher's, Adam Clarke's, Archer's, and others. A translation of Mrs. Palmer's *Way of Holiness* has found large sale. The Sunday-school library list is yet small, but a vigorous effort is making to increase it, not only by the preparation of new books in France, but also by the translation of many from our own Sunday-school library. The Book Agency and editorship for the next year, and probably for several more, will be under the charge of the Rev. Luc Palford, whose industry, ability and devotion will insure a thorough discharge of his responsible duties.

It will thus be seen that French Methodism has all the family features of our common work. Wherever Methodism appears, it displays a family of organization which is the surest proof and guarantee of vitality. The French field is a thoroughly missionary field. The preachers are hard working, zealous and faithful men, living on small salaries, often enduring reverses, privations, but always cheerful, helpful and happy.—*Dr. McClintock in "The Missionist."*

#### A TRIFLING PREACHER.

A clergyman once preached a very awakening sermon. A young man in the congregation was much impressed, and finding that the clergyman was to walk some distance home, joined him, in the hope of having some conversation as to how to be saved.

The clergyman was walking with several others, and instead of the conversation turning on religious matters, it was light and even and cheerful. Some years afterwards, the clergyman was called to see a dying man at an inn. As he entered the room the dying man started.

"Sir," said he, "I have heard you preach." "Thank God for that!" said the clergyman. "But, sir," continued the man, "I have heard you talk, and your talking has ruined my soul. Yes, sir, do you remember the day I heard you preach? That sermon brought conviction to my heart. But I sought a conversation with you, and I walked home with you, hoping to hear something about my soul's peace; but you trifled—trifled! Yes, you did; and I went home, believing that you knew all the solemn things you said in the morning were lies. For years I was an infidel; but now—now I am dying—I am one no longer. But I am not saved! I will meet, and accuse you before the bar of God!" And so the man died.

The Synod of North Carolina will meet at Statesville on Oct. 24th. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. P. K. Nash.

DEATH OF A MISSOURI JUDGE. St. Louis, Sept. 21.—Hon. Jas. C. Richardson, an ex-member of the Supreme Bench of Missouri, died this morning at three o'clock.

Two steamers have just been put on the Dismal Swamp Canal, to ply between Norfolk and Elizabeth City, N. C.

#### From N. C. Christian Advocate.

Letter from Rev. M. L. Wood-Voyage to China.

Sickness of Writer—Embarkment—Passengers—Parting Religious Services—Sickness—Going to Sea—Unfavorable Weather—The Ocean—Voyage not Unpleasant—Kindness of Captain Wyman—Ocean Scenery—Salt Islands—Anjer—The Japanese—Sickness—Hong Kong—Kindness of Friends.

Dear Bro. Hays:—Perhaps you think the time long before you hear from us, and are beginning to fear for our safety. But a kind Providence has brought us safely thus far. I can scarcely realize that so many thousand miles now separate us—that we are now on opposite sides of the earth. But such is the fact.

After a voyage of one hundred and seventy-five days, we anchored in this port, the 9th inst. When we reached here I was confined by sickness to my berth, but had commenced recovering. Now I am most well. So much has heaven blessed me.

As you know, we embarked for China the 17th of December last. It was a cold, hazy stormy day, the wind being so strong and contrary we had to anchor in Kariton bay; and to be secure we were compelled to drop both anchors.

Besides the Southern missionaries, our passengers were Rev. James C. Nevin and wife of the "Union of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church," and from Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. R. Wright, a young man from Philadelphia. We were accompanied to the ship by that dear, good man Bro. D. Terry, Rev. Messrs. Rich and Blair, of the "U. A. R. P. Church." We had short divine services before parting, consisting in reading a lesson from the New Testament, by Bro. Terry, singing 231 Psalm, prayer by writer and Bro. Blair, benediction by Bro. Nevin.

We had not been long on board, before we began to experience the miseries of sickness. Bro. Allen, Mr. Wright and myself were very slightly sick. The others were quite sick for two weeks. Sister Allen and wife were more or less sick during the voyage, when the weather would be rough.

The next day (18) though stormy, the wind was more favorable, so we weighed anchor, spread our canvases and put out to sea. Soon we were tossed on the surging waves of the broad Atlantic. About 11 o'clock that night, in the dim star-light, we lost sight of America, to see it again—never.

Before reaching the equator, and in the Indian ocean, we had a great deal of stormy weather. In the Indian ocean we experienced two severe storms, the 18th and 27th of March, especially was the latter severe. Our Captain said he never knew the wind to blow harder. We were closely shut up all day; the ladies remained in their berths. Eating dinner that day was quite uninteresting. We could not sit up stand still, and had to brace ourselves against tables or sides of the cabin as best we could, and then get out a few joints. Knives and forks were useless, and the only available utensils were fingers. We all felt just as safe as in a caldron. God holds the waters in the hollow of his hand; so we were in his hand, and had no need to fear.

Besides storms, we had much contrary and head winds, which made slow sailing, or sailing out of our course. In the tropics, West and East, and in the Indian sea, we had quite a number of calms, which were worse than storms or adverse winds. In a calm we could not move at all—but nothing to animate. To be pleasant, to live, we must have motion, and we ought to be going ahead.

When thrown upon its restless waves and tossed up in a ship, the ocean loses much of the sublimity it has in books, and seen only from land. Still it is not without beauty, grandeur, and the emotions which its mighty upheavings. In a storm it is truly grand. As the angry cloud gathers and spreads its waters beneath, its apprehensive of danger, become troubled. And when the dark clouds begin to pour their torrents of rain down, accompanied by devastating wind, the bosom of the great deep swells with anger; and then the unbroken waves rise like so many moving mountains, shooting forth their white foam, and they meet us fury in the "win of elements," when they no longer look by the falling force and their own weight, tossing our brave barque as if it were a feather. Yet

"She walked the waters like a king of life, And seemed to ride the elements to naught."

Notwithstanding our long and tedious voyage, it was not at all unpleasant or irksome. It seems but a few weeks since we left New York. Our company was agreeable. Brother and sister Nevin are intelligent, companionsable, and Christians. Mr. Wright is a perfect gentleman. Captain A. B. Wyman is a very pleasant, agreeable and kind man. He did everything he could for our comfort; exhibited great sympathy while we were sick, and spared no attention when otherwise afflicted. The other officers are inoffensive, and not unkind, full of the welfare of others. Ours is a motley crew, gathered from many nations. Some of them appear noble and generous, others are dependables. In the crew are two interesting boys.

Our voyage offered us a fine opportunity for reading, which we improved. Also we were allowed every religious privilege we could wish. After we had been out awhile, we had prayers once a day, prayer-meeting or preaching every Sabbath, unless providentially prevented.

The blue waters, now surging and dashing their foam crested waves one against another, and against our gallant ship; now rolling in tailer agitation before the pleasantly strong breeze as it would delightfully wait as on;

now placidly lifting themselves, but slightly, in large bulges, covered with small ripples; sunsets, displaying in the surrounding heavens tinged the waters below with the same effulgent hues; and to me the more beautiful sun from the eastern billows like a vast ball of melted silver, sparkling with light and heat, and illuminating the blue above and beneath with the same brilliancy, comprised our natural scenery.

Frequently could be seen ocean's inhabitants, from the great whale down to the small flying fish, passing or playing in their watery paths. White birds of various sizes would follow us, in the air.

Now and then we would descried a sail in the distance; occasionally one would come near enough to exchange signals, and less frequently one would come within speaking distance.

The 18th of January, near the equator, we saw St. Paul, a little barren, rock island. The 23d of the same month, at 2 1/2 o'clock in the morning, we passed in sight of Fernand de Noronha, a small island, 125 miles from the eastern extremity of Brazil, to which Europe it belongs. For several days we thought that contrary winds would drive us in sight of the main land of South America, but Providence favored us by changing the wind just before we were near enough to see land.

May the 3d, about 12 o'clock, a little to the right of the head of our ship, rose up like a dark cloud resting upon the waters on the horizon, Juan Head. Soon to our left was seen a small island, then a little further off Sumatra appeared. Having very little wind, we did not enter the Straits of Sunda till the 5th. The 6th, after sunset, we anchored at Anjer. The islands of Java and Sumatra are quite mountainous, and present a beautiful, and at the same time an imposing appearance. Most of the passengers went ashore at Anjer. This is a mountainous, pleasant little Dutch town, defended by a beautiful, small fort. Several of the tropical fruits grow here. You find beneath the boughs of a large banyan tree, which you can reach by bamboo ladders, extending all through its branches. Here we got a supply of water, fowls, eggs, and vegetables and fruits. These we brought from the boats which came to us early in the morning of the day we anchored.

The Malays are not so large and muscular as I expected to find them, and they appear much more intelligent, or rather to possess more natural capacity than I thought. Some of them have fine looking heads, and they show good natural senses in their trading and conversation. They were strictly honest in trading, and would not lie. This and all that they knew to be wrong. But they seem to have no idea of duty. They are without God and without the gospel. Those that have any religion at all are Mohammedans. They esteem it quite an honor to be able to go to Mecca and be made pious.

We left Anjer on the morning of the 8th, and had quite a time in getting into the Java sea. Two consecutive nights we were dilled back, after almost making the sea, for just then the wind would die out and we were left to the mercy of the current; and we were not free from danger of being drifted against rocks. But fortune favored us.

Soon after leaving Anjer, diarrhea made its appearance among passengers and crew, which continued till we reached here. I had quite a severe attack, which turned to dysentery. The weather was very warm, and I in a close stateroom, where but little or no air could reach, a constant noise somewhere on the ship, (though it could not be helped,) and suffering from pain or extreme weakness all the while, and too nervous to sleep any of consequence—still had to be endured. But I had every attention that could be given. Around me were the truest of friends. When my berth became too intolerable, the Captain generously ordered me ashore, where I could be more comfortable, and would be as quiet as possible in sharing the trimming of the ship, then sorry that he was compelled to make any noise.

As soon as we anchored here, Captain Wyman went ashore and sent a physician to see Sister Allen and myself. Sister A. was quite weak from a bilious attack. She went ashore that evening, and the morning of the 11th, I found a good home at the house of Rev. Henry A. Saxetelle, a missionary of the Baptist church, from Maine. He and his wife are good Christians, and make us feel quite at home. Bro. Allen and family went to a hotel kept by an American, until Rev. James C. Beecher took them to his house. Sister Allen has just called on us; she is looking much improved. We leave in a day or two for Shanghai. I have extended this communication beyond what I expected, and must close. I must not forget, at the present, of Hong Kong of the war, and other things. I will write again as soon as I possibly can after reaching Shanghai. I hope when I reach there to find several numbers of the Advocate waiting me. I am getting quite anxious to hear from you, all the brethren, and all the people in the dear "Old New State." I have you all better than ever before. Many blessings upon all my friends I have left. And will you, with me, praise God for His goodness shown me and mine since we left our native land. Pray for us. Yours, affectionately, M. L. WOOD.

Victoria, Hong Kong, June 28, 1890.

Why are all games of chess of equal duration?—Because it always takes four knights to play a game.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

## SENATOR SEWARD'S SPEECH.

Senator Seward made a speech at St. Paul the 18th inst., which is said, in the telegraphic report of it, to be the greatest speech of the report of it. It was fuller, more elaborate and far abler than his Detroit speech.

He looked to the acquisition of British America, Russia, Mexico and Spanish America, and declared that the man was born who would live to see the American people coming to the harmonious understanding that it is the land of the white man, and that whatever elements there are to disturb its present peace will be long passed away without endangering this great Union.

He felt that here we were not only before the shrine of freedom but in the living universe of the Golden Rule. The vital principle of the government was the equality of every member of it. It is the recognition of this principle which has made the capital of Minnesota equal in nine years to the capital of any slave State two hundred years old. Liberty, after all, was but the simple national practice of equality to all men. Slavery is to-day, said he, not only powerless, but without influence in the American republic. The king of the threats of the South to dissolve the Union, he asked, who is afraid? (A voice—No one!) No body is afraid, nobody can be bought.

He prophesied that the time would come when New York would cease to be the Empire State, as Virginia had already ceased to be the Old Dominion. The New Dominion, the Empire State and the Keystone State would be hereafter in the Mississippi valley.

## VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The citizens of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, met at Morris Farm Oct. 10th inst., and organized a vigilance committee. This is one of the resolutions passed.

Resolved, That the late John Brown and Daniel Harper's Ferry, as well as the more recent disclosures that have been made in Texas and other of our sister States, war against the conclusion that we have arrived upon "evil days," that it becomes the indispensable duty of every good citizen to be on his guard as to protect himself against the numerous attacks of cut-throat fanatics from abroad, and the incendiary movements of practiced abolitionists at home.

## STORM OF FLIES.

Pittsburgh, Pa., was visited on Monday of last week by a shower of flies which filled the air for miles for nearly an hour, to the intense amusement of hundreds of children, who seemed to enjoy themselves hugely in chasing and capturing them. The wings of the insects were white, and their bodies which were quite long, of a light flesh color. They were very dark in the air in the hot, blinding light of the sun, from which it is believed they were carried off by a brisk breeze which continued to blow towards the city.

An iron steamer is now being built in Philadelphia, to run from Washington to Beaufort to Greenville, in the P. N. Carolina.

## THE ALCHEMY OF VICE.

You have heard the story of the Italian artist, who, meeting with a child of exquisite beauty, wished to preserve his features for fear he should never see such loveliness again. So he painted the charming face on canvas, and hung it upon the walls of his studio. In his sublimest hour that sweet, gentle countenance, was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest aspirations. If ever I find, he said, a perfect contrast to this heavenly face, I will paint that also, and hang them side by side, an idea of heaven and hell. Years passed. At length, in a distant land, he saw in a prison he visited the most hideous object he ever gazed upon—a fierce, laggard fiend, with glaring eyes, and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The artist remembered his vow, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome form, to hang beside the portrait of the lovely boy.

His dream was realized. The two poles of the moral universe were before him. What was the surprise of the artist, on inquiry into the history of this horrid wretch, to find that he was once that lovely little boy. Both of these pictures, the angel and the demon of the same soul, now hang side by side in a Tuscan gallery. Kind reader, you need not travel to a foreign gallery to see the transforming power of vice upon the body. The loathsome-faced, wanton-looking wretch of womanhood, was once a sweet, modest little girl, that blushed at the slightest indecent allusion. That obese, bloated, bristly-burnt visage was once a joyous-hearted boy. What strange alchemy has wrought this bestial transformation? They have been in the hard battle of appetite, and carry the scars of many a campaign. In the basement cells of inebriety, and saloons of leanness, many youthful forms are sitting for their portraits. The demon artist of lust and intemperance is gradually moulding them into fiends.

You may, young reader, steal secretly into these halls of inebriety and harlotry. Your kind parents and friends may little suspect your wayward proclivities. But be assured your "sin will find you out." Vice cannot long remain concealed. The soul has no place to hide it. Soon the foul flame, through some rent or fissure of the body will find expression. The inmost loves, desires, and affections of the soul, will mould the plastic boy into a corresponding likeness. The body is a flesh-and-blood statue of the spirit, and the countenance

the playground of thought and feeling. An old poet has said:

For of the soul, the body form doth take,  
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

## LETTER FROM THE POPE.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore with the Bishops of the province of Baltimore, including Bishop Magill of Richmond, in July last addressed a letter to the Pope, sympathizing with him in his struggle against the "persecution" then being waged against him. The following reply from His Holiness has been received:

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Blessing.—In our extreme distress we have experienced the greatest comfort and joy in reading your letter addressed to us in the 5th of the last month. For in it is everywhere apparent, venerable brethren, your distinguished faith, affection, love, and devotion, to us, and this Chair of Peter; and everywhere is manifested your intense sorrow, pain and indignation in regard to the wicked and sacrilegious attempts and impious machinations of those men, who, being hostile and opposed to the Catholic Church, and to this Apostolic See especially, and being enemies to all justice, do not hesitate to invade, usurp, overtake our civil jurisdiction, which is attached to the same See, and is the patrimony of Blessed Peter, and to trample under foot all laws. Divine as well as human.

Your excellent sentiments, worthy of all praise, have greatly delighted us, although they were not new or unexpected, since we well knew, venerable brethren, the extraordinary affection and zeal which you cherish for us and this Holy See. Cease not, in conjunction with your clergy and faithful people, to pour out most fervent prayers to the God of mercies, that He may still this great and violent storm and turn away from His Holy Church so many and so great calamities, and grant it new and more splendid triumphs from day to day, from the rising to the setting of the sun, and that He may assist and comfort us in all our tribulation, and that He may vouchsafe to bring back all the enemies of the Church and of this Apostolic See to the paths of truth and justice and salvation. And since you know the direful war waged against our divine religion in these sad times, we do not neglect, relying on Divine aid, in conformity with your distinguished piety and episcopal zeal, you will exert nothing for the fearless defence of religion, with increased vigilance and earnestness, and that you will prudently and wisely provide for the safety of your flock, and expose the sophisms, refute the errors, and repel the attacks of the enemy. Finally, as a pledge of all heavenly gifts, and a token of the special affection with which we embrace you in the Lord, we affectionately impart from our heart the Apostolic Blessing to yourselves, venerable brethren, and to all the clergy and laity entrusted to your care.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's on the 10th August in the year 1869, in the sixteenth year of our Pontificate. Pius P. IX.

## THE WORK OF JUSTICE IN SYRIA.

Fund Pacha is carrying out his mission in Beyrout with a strong hand, and nearly 1,000 prisoners are in prison. A letter, dated Aug. 15th, says:

Fund Pacha is going on energetically in his work at Damascus. He ordered, last week, the execution of the baker who attempted to poison the Christians in the Castle, and the baker was hanged. Nine others have been condemned to death; but it is evident that more troops will be needed to carry into execution the judgments of the tribunal, for the Moslems have declared that for every Moslem executed Christians will be murdered. And this is no idle threat, for since the execution of the baker three Christians have been executed. This state of things has caused the Christians to resolve upon a general exodus, as they are convinced that there is no longer any safety for them in the domain of Damascus. Several thousand have already arrived, and others will follow as soon as possible. Spies are everywhere in disguise, and some of the Damascus rebels were arrested yesterday in Beyrout by Moslems dressed as Europeans.

Ah! for the poor Christians. The heart is wrung with pity and compassion when the carcasses enter the city of Beyrout with the poor, denuded, starving Christians, riding on mules, if they are so fortunate as to obtain them, or walking barefoot over the mountain roads. Some of them I know. I had seen them in their beautiful homes, rolling in every oriental luxury, and had enjoyed their beautiful hospitality. Some of the women were beautiful, but now what wrecks of humanity they are. Several weeks of confinement to the enclosure of the castle of Damascus and exposure to the heat of the mid-day Syrian sun, and the dew of night, have reduced them to mere skeletons. The gold plate which covered their tables, the magnificent drapery of their apartments, their jewels, their gorgeous costumes, are all gone: the gurgling of their fountains is heard no more, and the beautiful garden, and the marble courts, have passed from before them. Clothed in rags, bareheaded and barefooted, they cry for bread and pray for shelter and protection. Mothers know not yet the fate of their children, and fatherless children are running to and fro inquiring for their parents. Sad scene! so full of want and misery, makes the heart bleed. The Relief Committee feeds about two thousand of the starving every day; but their supplies are exhausted, and unless subscriptions come in quickly from abroad, these poor persecuted people must die of starvation.

## THE CHAMPION STRONG MAN.

The Tennessee papers are crowing loudly over the fact that while Dr. Windship, the Massachusetts Samson has lifted eleven hundred and sixty pounds, they have a young giant living at Cornville, Tenn., in the person of West Harris, who has lifted sixteen hundred pounds dead weight. They forget, however, that Dr. Windship is a little man, and does not weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, while their giant is nearly seven feet high and weighs two hundred and thirty. The Doctor is still the champion.

## A DESPERATE HOTEL THIEF.

At a late hour on Monday night, the night watchman of the New York Hotel, discovered a thief in one of the boarder's rooms, and called aloud for help. The intruder immediately pulled out a revolver and fired at the watchman, but luckily the ball went wide of the mark and lodged in the wall. At this juncture, Col. Dehar, a guest in the hotel, came to the assistance of the watchman, when he too was fired at by the thief. The Colonel was not so fortunate as the watchman, for the contents of the pistol struck him in the leg and brought him to the floor. The firing of the pistol awoke about a dozen of the boarders, and as soon as the Col. was seen to fall, they all rushed upon the desperado and held him fast until the arrival of officer Peters, of the fifth precinct. Upon searching the prisoner at the station house, the police found a quantity of jewelry, pawn tickets, and a large number of skeleton keys upon his person. The accused was subsequently taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court, where he gave his name as Henry Adams. Mr. Cranston, the proprietor of the hotel, appeared against him, and charged him with having burglariously entered several of the boarder's rooms, whereupon the magistrate committed the prisoner for trial. A fine and broken into several rooms and robbed the occupants of a several hundred dollars' worth of clothing and jewelry.

## THE GREAT STOREHOUSE OF TRUTH.

What other book has occasioned so much study and thought as the Bible? It is stated that not less than sixty thousand works have been written upon it, or portions of it. On the Pentateuch, 2500 books have been published, exclusive of commentaries on the whole Bible; not less than 5,000 commentaries on the Psalms have been published, and 2,000 on Isaiah; about 6,000 volumes have been published on the four gospels, exclusive of commentaries on the New Testament; about 3,000 on Romans, and 2,000 on the Revelation.

## HOW BIRDS TALK.

All birds are either daily or nightly employed in seeing out their food and some being at times more fortunate than others, undoubtedly possess the power of communicating their success to their own fraternity. I have frequently observed three or four small birds in a newly-sown field of oats, evidently local inhabitants; in a few days their numbers would be increased by hundreds of strangers from a distance. If one solitary jacksnaw discovers your cherry tree, he will most assuredly introduce all his acquaintances to the fruit. A rook will also in some mysterious way, influence a large flock to share with him your early potatoes or corn, when once he discovers the desired treasure. The alarm note of the parrot will instantly silence the noisy chirpings of its young; and I have heard by a peculiar motion of the wing and a manner of flight, when high up in the air and too distant to be heard, signal danger to those upon the ground in seasons of the stealthy approach of an enemy. It is to the eyes, and not to their nostrils, that they owe their safety upon such occasions; and it is a mistake to suppose that they either smell you or the powder in your gun.

## STATE FAIR.

Mr. Wilson W. Whitaker will please accept our thanks for a card with the compliments of the Ex. Com. of the State Agricultural Society, advising us to all the privileges of the Society during the year.

## A RICH STORY.

A good story has been told of a characteristic trick performed upon his sister, the Princess Amelia, by that "hard case" regent Duke of Cumberland.

His sister one day took him to task arraigning his dissipated conduct, and said she would never be instrumental to it. He assured her that the money he then solicited he wanted to complete an improvement in Windsor Park where it was laid out in employing the surrounding poor and to convince her of the state, he proposed to take her down to inspect the works. He had at the time nearly five hundred men digging a canal. She went to the lodge, and he drove her round the park in a one-horse chaise, and had so contrived it with the manager that as she passed from one place to another the same set of men, as in a theater removed to another spot, which, when she was brought to them, were seen planting trees; at another, five hundred men (the same) were found grubbing hedges.

"Well, brother," said she, "I had no conception of this. You must employ two thousand people."

"True said the noble duke, 'and if I were to take you to the other side of the park, I could show you as many more.'

"It is not necessary," said the princess; "I am satisfied that your money is better expended than I had apprehended."

And the unsuspecting princess lent him the £10,000 he wanted.

## ARMING IN SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss are arming actively but quietly. Fourteen thousand men have already been armed with rifles, and to these fourteen thousand more are now being added. This will form no despicable force, especially in a country where almost every boy is taught to shoot, and where, therefore, these 28,000 will be picked men. Great attention is also being bestowed upon improving the artillery, and the troops are being regularly drilled. Some of the worst mountain passes are also about to be formed into good military roads. The Genoa is to be made accessible for cavalry, and roads for artillery, will lead across the Grimsel and the Furca. The National Assembly have almost unanimously given full powers to the government, and all the requisite sums have been readily and cheerfully granted as soon as asked for.

## THINGS IN CHINA.

The following extract is from the *Hong Kong Register*, of June 20th.

The Mail Steamer *Formosa* arrived yesterday at noon, bringing startling news from Shanghai.

The Rebels seem to have everything their own way and a panic has seized upon the Imperial forces.

Of the two leaders in the Imperial Army, one has died from wounds, the other has committed suicide. Szechow was abandoned by all the officials, some of whom fled to Shanghai. The Rebels are reported numerous and active. They have again put forth protestations of regard for Christianity; punish Opium smoking with death, and encourage Sabbath keeping and Bible reading.

## MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.

Marriages in Germany are preceded by the following ceremonies and for—1st, proposal; 2nd, betrothal; 3rd, a public family dinner or supper of announcement; 4th, the betrothing, or betrothal, as required by the government, being—1st, a certificate of vaccination; 2nd, a week day school ticket in proof of regular attendance; 3rd, a certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher; 4th, a certificate of confirmation; 5th, a conduct certificate; 6th, a service book; 7th, a wanderbook (this refers to the compulsory travels of their handwork, herring, or handicraftsmen); 8th, an apprentice ticket; 9th, a statement made and substantiated as to property, which is not considered satisfactorily according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing; 10th, a permission from the parents; 11th, residence permission ticket; 12th, a certificate as to the due performance of militia duties; 13th, an examination ticket; 14th, a ticket of business or occupation at the time. The higher classes have even more difficulties than these. Thus a Bavarian officer cannot marry until he has provided £40 per annum for his future family.

## THE PRINCE AT NIAGARA.

The Prince arrived at Niagara on Friday, 14th. The Falls were illuminated with bonfires, and blue lights. Bonfires gave the Prince an entertainment, which is thus reported in the *New York Times* of Monday.

Blondin having invited the Prince to witness his perilous undertakings, announced an exhibition at 4 o'clock on Sunday. The Prince and suite went on horseback to see him, and occupied a rustic lodge, surrounded by the French flag. There were present several thousand spectators, who thronged both sides of the river, and entirely blocked the passage of the bridge. Having gone through the usual performance, standing on his head, carrying a man across on his back, making believe standing, turning round his ears and so on, almost everyone, Blondin announced to the Prince that in his honor he would do what he had never before done in public—cross on stilts. The Prince remonstrated, and said he was on firely satisfied and did not wish him to endanger his life. On his account, but Blondin was sure he could, and finally offered in the most reasonable way to carry the Prince over, and had it not been for the Duke there is no telling what might have been the result of the interview. Finally Blondin got on the stilts and successfully went over, although it was with very great difficulty and with infinite pain to the beholders.

The Prince was very greatly interested and conversed with Blondin very freely on the danger and difficulties attending the performance. There were no cheers given in honor of the Prince, which fact was commented upon by prominent members of his suite.

Immediately thereafter the whole party started on horseback for the *Raid of the M-t.* On the way thither a horse from Niagara, who was splendidly mounted, rode pell-mell through the royal cortege, then slackened his pace till they had passed, and repented his rudeness, nearly knocking the Duke off his horse, saying that he would bet them that his square-tailed horse could not throw dust in his face. They had nearly reached the boat when they were met by another man, who, wheeling his horse about, accosted the Prince, shook his hand violently, and informed him he was the finest boy on the Continent. He also smuggled himself on board the boat.

## THE LOUISIANA SUGAR CROP.

The Planter's Banner thinks that the published estimates of the sugar crop of this year exceed probability; that the planters, except in a very favorable situation, cannot look for more than half a crop. If the drought continues till October, not more than 200,000 hds can be made. The same paper complains of weeds which are overrunning some of the best lands in the parish of St. Mary.

## NO STRYCHNINE IN WHISKY.

At the meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association, of New York, on the 11th inst., a paper was read by Mr. Carney, of Boston, on the frauds and deceptions practical on the public by adulterations of drugs. In one particular, however, says the report, there is a great error—in regard to the strychnine in whisky. In a large number of whisky analyses made, during the past year, we have not been able to detect in a single instance the presence of the least trace of strychnine, and we have not been able to ascertain from any reliable source that the practice of using strychnine in whisky is ever followed. The fact also that one part of strychnine will impart a sensible bitterness to 600,000 parts of water would seem to preclude its being used for this purpose.

## WILL, CHAR. &amp; RUTH RAILROAD.

The Western Democrat learns that it is expected that the Western division of this Road will be completed to Lincolnton by the 1st of January. It is now finished to the Catawba river, some 12 miles from Charlotte.

On the Eastern division, by the 1st of October, the Road will be completed to Lumberton, Robeson county, about 75 miles from Wilmington. As soon as the work is finished to Lumberton, the citizens of Robeson intend having a grand Barbecue and Ball. A correspondent of the Fayetteville Courier says that this road, so far as completed, is one of the best laid tracks in the State. It appears to be perfectly solid and level, and is an air line for 65 miles.

## SOUTHERN TRADE.

The *Times* and *Herald*, Mr. McCormick's paper, accusses for the fact that Chicago has so little Southern trade, as follows:

"The one sole and only reason is, that Chicago, through the reprehensible efforts of fanatics, has gained the unenviable reputation of being the paradise of runaway wiggers and stolen slaves. Southern men will not, if they can help it, trade at a point where so many men stand ready, after having sold them a bill of goods, to turn round and steal it in the purchaser's double its value in other property. And it is more unreasonable that they should refuse to trade at such a place, than it is that a Northern trader should refuse to go into the country of the Camanches, where the inhabitants have no more respect for his property, than he has for that of the Kentuckian and Tennessean."

## EARLY FROST.

1869 will be memorable not only for its hot summer but for its early frost. The first frost of the season in this State was on Wednesday night, the 12th inst. On Thursday night it was still heavier. On account of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, the crops did not suffer. Our Northern exchanges report a slight fall of snow in New York on Wednesday.

## THE PETERSBURG FOUNDRY.

The Petersburg Foundry is now in full trim for filling the most extensive as well as the smallest orders for work of every description of machinery and agricultural implement. Excellent workmen and practical superintendents are employed in every department, and the orders submitted to their skill will assuredly meet with prompt and perfect fulfillment. The establishment is one of the most complete in the State and being an enterprise of which the South, as well as our citizens, may be proud, it merits a patronage as broad as the South itself.—*E. press.*

The residence of the late Joseph Gales, in Washington has been sold for \$75,000, and a Methodist church is to be erected on its site.

## POPULATION OF THE THREE GREAT COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD.

The population of Great Britain, (England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland) by the census of 1858, was 28,644,882; that of France by the census of 1856 was 36,205,792. The United States numbered 23,191,876 by the census of 1850 and the estimates of the present census, now in progress, range from thirty to thirty-three millions. In population, therefore, the three countries do not very widely differ.

## TERRIBLE TORNADO.

The town of Frensburg, in Chautauque county, N. Y., was visited by a veritable tornado on the 7th inst. The Buffalo Express says a singular singing noise preceded the hurricane; those out of doors compared its advance to the fierce driving of many lumber wagons. The lights in many houses were all at once extinguished, without any visible cause. Several houses were unroofed, others were moved from their foundations, and others still were thrown down and demolished. Trees were torn up by the roots and blown about like feathers. The roof of the Methodist church was carried away. The corn crop was ruined, the gardens laid waste, and innumerable fences blow down. Fortunately, no one was injured in the least. The tornado was not over thirty rods in width, and its duration did not exceed half a minute. It is impossible to estimate the damage. After the tornado, a family noticed the rain leaking down rather freely, took a light and went up stairs and found the roof was gone. So sudden was the blow, and so noiseless, that they did not know that anything had happened. A Swede woman who was caught out in the storm lay down on the ground and held fast to a board fence while all sorts of missiles were flying around her. She says the air was full of fire-balls. She was uninjured. The statement in regard to the balls of fire is endorsed by various other persons.



# THE TREASURES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The happy days of childhood,  
With every blessing rife,  
Can never come again to bless  
The cheerful days of life.  
No more we gaze with eyes of love  
Upon our childhood's home;  
No more with steps as free as air,  
In boyhood's path we roam.

The merry laugh of childhood,  
No more shall sweetly ring;  
No more shall it upon our ears  
Its soothing echoes fling;  
But still shall come in mankind's hour,  
The memory of that scene;  
To startle with its magic tones,  
The visions of our dream.

The prayer we raised in childhood,  
Which up to heaven rose;  
As by our mother's side we knelt  
Before we sought repose;  
Still, though we are in childhood's days,  
We treasure in each heart;  
The memories of which shall form  
Of life itself a part.

The joys of home of childhood  
Alas! no more to ours;  
For strangers tread its gravelled walks  
And pluck the blossoming flowers;  
New forms are in the door;  
Our home no more, that knew us once,  
Still knows us now no more.

The friends we loved in youthful days,  
They too are scattered now;  
Some lie within the churchyard cold,  
And some the ocean plough;  
Some pass us in the haunts of men,  
With looks austere and cold;  
And few, too few remain to us,  
The same true friends of old.

The truthfulness of childhood,  
With childhood's days both fled;  
And birds of doubt and sadness fly,  
And light upon each head;  
It was not so in those pure days,  
For in the hours of youth;  
We readily received the voice  
Of everything for truth.

"Oh, would I were a boy again,"  
Proceeds from every tongue;  
And manhood strong, and feeble age,  
The self-same song have sung.  
"Oh, would I were a boy again,"  
In boyhood's path to roam;  
To see once more the blessed light  
Of childhood's happy home.

"Oh, would I were a boy again,"  
To taste once more the bliss;  
When by my mother's side I knelt  
To pray, and seek a kiss;  
When I raised castles in the air,  
In fancy's fairy bowers;  
And plucked, with childhood's merry laugh,  
The fairest of earth's flowers.

"Oh, would that days so fair and bright,  
Could come to us again;  
That we the mount of happiness—  
The summit could obtain;  
That we might quaff from out the fount  
Of love's eternal spring;  
That time might lead us on to death,  
Upon a healing wing.

But though those scenes of childhood bright,  
Come oft at close of day;  
And fit before our mental eyes,  
In fancy's bright array;  
Yet shall we glide down times swift stream,  
With mingled joy and pain;  
And feel that childhood's treasures rich  
Can never come again.

## THE GOLDEN BELL.

BY WM. A. McKIM.

### CHAPTER I.

The hour and the Man.

'Twas the solemn, still hour of midnight.—Upon the dial plate of a tall, dingy, old clock that had occupied its present position for the last half century, the minute hand indicated that only one more space remained to be passed over, before its full booming tones would resound through that vast edifice, the abode not only of wealth, taste, and refinement, but also of the base and unangelic principles, selfishness, corroding care, and unrestrained dissipation. Unusually, yes, uneasily and anxiously, had the dial plate been noticed by the only occupant of the room, and here, dear reader, I must make a digression, *sans cérémonie*, to make you acquainted with this person, with his antecedents, and with his present history, the story will of course, tell of his future.

Morton Montgomery, for that was his name, was the son of a wealthy and aristocratic Scotch gentleman of the same name, who emigrated to this country in 1790, and located in a wealthy and intelligent community in one of the Northern counties of the Old Dominion, a county still noted for its intelligence and wealth. Some two or three years ensued, and Mr. Montgomery married a lady of good family, living in an adjoining county. As the result of the marriage, three children were born, only one of them, however, reached the age of maturity, and he is the one who will figure quite prominently before my readers. It is unnecessary to record the minutiae of his boyhood. School-boy life is pretty much the same everywhere. Suffice it to say that Morton was a precocious boy in the blimbling sense of the term. At fifteen, having learned all that the neighboring teachers could teach him, he was sent to college. At the age of twenty-one he graduated with distinction.—I regret that I cannot use this term, graduated, in a more restricted sense than the word precocity, but I cannot in justice do so. Morton indeed graduated with distinction in his various studies, but he also was a proficient in mischief and vice in every phase in which it can be presented. Was there a gaming party made up in the mess to which he belonged, he could take a hand in any game from All-Fours to Vingt-Un. Was there to be a drinking bout, he could drink one glass, or one bottle more than either of his friends. Was there a swearing party in his room, all adepts in the vio-

lation of the third commandment, neither one could at all equal Morton, in the perfect ease in which he could pour forth the most wicked blasphemies. Was there any scheme of fun on hand, our friend invariably took the lead, and frequently the party have with great gravity, but with sides nearly bursting with merriment, gazed upon some poor fellow, upon whom their prank was played, while he ground his teeth in vexation, and vowed revenge if he could find out the authors of the mischief. But I will not dilate farther upon Morton's college life. His father heard with pleasure the eminent success of his son at college, if he heard of his indiscretions, he probably dismissed the subject with the very common reply, "Well, boys will be boys." At home, Morton's life was a continual round of recreation. Fox and deer hunting, fishing and visiting were his ostensible sources of happiness. But he loved when from under his father's watchful eye, to indulge in his old college sports, which with a chosen coterie he often did to his heart's content. And so passed Morton's life, until about five years before his introduction to the reader, when his mother died, an event of no ordinary moment to him, for though a pampered, spoiled child, he dearly loved his parents; his mother especially. But the season of mourning was with him, as with most persons. The phantom hope is ever beckoning us away from the past, to contemplate the future. We have told the past, now for the present.

Upon a splendidly furnished French bedstead, divested only of his coat and vest, lay, or rather reclined, Morton Montgomery. He is still a bachelor, an old bachelor, though old father Time, does not seem to have left any sensible impression upon him. His mouth, a voluptuous one, is provided with the accompaniments of a fashionable man of the present day, viz: a splendid black moustache and imperial. His nose is perfectly symmetrical. The eyes, dark, searching, immovable, indicating strength, penetration and fixedness, and the mind, that strange and incomprehensible creation of the great Creator, can be almost seen to think as you watch those brilliant orbs of vision, as they gaze toward the clock. In short, Morton Montgomery is pronounced a handsomeness. He is the same man he was when he returned from college. There is no perceptible change in him, morally, religiously, or socially.

### CHAPTER II.

Birds of a feather will flock together.

Slowly, deeply and yet sonorously, pealed forth the tones of the midnight hour, echoing and re-echoing along those now silent passages, where, so often and recently too, the light tread of still lighter hearts passed, and where the unbounded expression of joy and gladness reigned hour after hour. Now, however, the almost palpable stillness of death reigns. It is, indeed, a blessed season of rest. Thus, however, has it always been, and thus will it ever be. We are continually reminded, that our bodies are frail and perishing, and that we need rest. Even the mind, that most extraordinary creation of the Deity, as it winds onward, day after day, night after night, in the acquisition of intellectual treasure, must stop occasionally, though engaged in its deeply interesting occupation, in order to the recuperation of its fagged and jaded energies. And this truth may be applied with more justness and force, with reference to the corporeal system. There has never a person existed, who has not practically exemplified the truth, that rest is as necessary to the human system as food is. How often is it the case, that, even while scenes of unbounded delight and satisfaction are passing, and every countenance expresses the evident pleasure that exists, that a signal for retiring is given and obeyed too with zest, not that any one is willing to leave a party of chosen and pleasant friends, but the requisitions of nature must be complied with.

But I have left our friend Morton too long. As the old time-piece finished striking, he rose from his bed, and after a hasty and apparently unsatisfactory gaze, out upon the dark landscape, and then up and down the turnpike, which passed within two hundred yards of the mansion, he threw himself into a luxurious rocker, which stood before the bright and cheerful fire.

"A plague upon the fellow! Where in the deuce can Alfred Carson be? He most faithfully promised me to be here precisely at twelve. Well, there may be some little variation in our time, so I will try to while away the time, until he does come, for he certainly will not fail me." So saying he reached the guitar which lay near him, and after the usual thrumming, and trial of the chords, in a voice of touching sweetness, he sang with an accompaniment, the beautiful melody by Ordway.

Oh! the lone starry hours give me, love,  
When still is the beautiful night;  
When the round, laughing moon I see, love,  
Peep through the clouds silver white.  
When no winds sweep through the low woods, love,  
And I gaze on some bright rising star;  
When the world is in dream and sleep, love,  
Oh! wake, while I touch my guitar.

When no winds, &c.  
Till the red rosy morn'g brings bright, love,  
Far away o'er the distant sea;  
Till the stars cease their gentle light, love,  
We will wander together after,  
My heart shall be thine, thine mine, love,  
Then wake, while I touch my guitar,  
Our hearts shall be bound in one bond, love,  
So wake, while I touch my guitar.

My heart shall, &c.  
"Why! bless my stars, is it you, Morton, singing about hearts, and all that sort of thing? Look here, old fellow, if you're going to be the nose, don't forget that I am to be your right-hand man. This rallery, preceded by an uproarious outburst of laughter was uttered by a very gentlemanly man of twenty-eight or thirty years, who, as he finished speaking, quietly took a seat, being evidently the person for whom Morton had been waiting.

"I'll tell you what, Alfred, I think you're a pretty fellow to make an appointment. Don't you think so yourself? Come now, give an account of yourself."

"Really my dear chum, I do confess to very little of that business qualification, usually denominated punctuality, and I further confess to the anticipation of sundry chidings therefor, and furthermore, dear Morton, when I arrived and found you discoursing so sweetly, so pathetically, upon the tender passion, every fear forsook me, for surely thought I, no man under so divine an influence could harbor malice in his bosom."

"Pshaw! get away with you, Alfred Carson. You're eternally poking fun at me. A fellow can't sing a little ditty that has a snatch or two of sentiment in it, where you are, but you are at once for marrying him right off."

"My dearest friend, don't take on so, about such a pleasant affair. Just let me present the matter to you, as it looks to me, and I think that you will admit, that I am not unreasonable. My dearest Morton, there are two circumstances that form together strong evidence against you. The first is, the unparalleled event in your history, of your singing so tender a ballad, and the second, even still stronger; that every feature—chin, lips, nose, eyes, forehead, cheeks and ears, conspire in one burning blush, to tell the tale more effectually than the lips could do. So then, own up, and then (drawing a bottle of Champagne towards him) 'We'll drink three bumpers, the first to the dear charmer's health, the second to my friend's speedy conquest, and the third, that your cup of happiness may be brimful and overflowing, as a benedict.'"

"Alfred! I have no objection to drinking one, three, or five glasses with you, but as to the remainder of your speech, I must continue to regard it as mere fun, notwithstanding your overwhelming reasoning to the contrary."

"Well, Morton! I shan't say much on the subject now, but I will just venture two more shots, and then I am done. The first one is that you are only following the beaten track, the general custom, when you ignore the charge. The second is, that I will wager a dozen of good Heideck, that my friend Morton Montgomery will be happy in the smiles of a loving wife, (let me see what is the day of the month? the 15th of December, is it not? Yes, it is,) before this day twelve months hence."

"I have done. I see you are determined to construe my motives, according to the impression that has been made upon your mind. So go ahead."

"Why, Morton, I am compelled, as is every reasonable man, to act upon the evidences which my senses receive. But I want to talk seriously to you for five minutes. We have been boon companions for the last dozen years, a friendship of the most intimate, confiding nature has ours been. Your plans for pleasure, as well as for profit, have been unhesitatingly confided to me, and I, in turn, have made you my confidant, in manifold schemes for killing time, and making life joyous and happy. Now, however, I begin to feel jealous. I begin to feel as if, for the first time, there is to be a drawing off on your part, and that the confidence of other days is to become weakened. Why is this so?"

The two friends sat in profound silence for several minutes, Alfred, intently scanning his friend's features, and apparently expecting a reply to his interrogatory. Morton, with the right-hand fingers lightly tapping on his guitar, and eyes bent upon the fire, seemed to be deeply thoughtful. At length, rising hastily from his seat, and taking Carson by the hand, "Excuse me, dear Alfred, but you shall know all, and that before morning, and now let us make our start," and each, lighting a cigar, sallied forth.

### CHAPTER III.

Home life pictured.

The wind was hoarsely howling, and ever and anon swept with intense violence across the fields, and driving the heavy flakes of snow with increased speed to the ground. It was indeed a tremendous storm, and already, the snow was from two to four feet in depth, with every prospect of at least as much more by morning.

In a parlor, furnished with the usual modern appliances for comfort and ease, sat two ladies, the elder, evidently the mother of the other, sat near a window, for the purpose, apparently, of having a better light upon some needlework which she was arranging. The daughter was reclining upon a lounge, drawn near a brightly glowing fire, and reading with great interest. It is not pleasant guessing at ladies' ages, but as the matter will be a secret between us, dear reader, we judge her to be about nineteen, delicate in form, eyes and hair raven black, nose of the Grecian type, mouth rather large, and in expression, indicating firmness, chin beautifully dimpled, ears and hands indicating gentle birth, neck and throat faultless in beauty, complexion as may be inferred, that of a brunette.

"I do wonder where Mr. Ringgold is," remarked the elder of the ladies, in a tone of some anxiety.

"La! Mother, you need not entertain the slightest uneasiness about Pa. You know he only went over to Mr. Sparks this morning, scarcely an hour's ride, and even if he should not come home to-night, you know he is in good quarters."

"Well, daughter, I suppose I have no rational cause for uneasiness. I do not doubt that he is very comfortable where he is, but it is so

stormy I wish he were at home: I should feel better satisfied."

"Mother, how strangely wild and melancholy are some of Poe's poems. Let me give you a specimen from the one styled the Coliseum:

"But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—  
These shivering plinths—these ead and blackened shafts,  
These vague enstatues—this crumbling frieze—  
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—  
These domes—alas! these gray stones—are they all—  
All of the faded, and the colossal, left  
By the careless hours to Fate and me?"

"Not all—the Echoes answer me—not all:  
Prophecy sounds and loath, arise forever  
From us, and from all ruins, unto the wise,  
As melody from Memnon to the Sun."

"I believe Isabel, that Poe's poems, especially those written after his reaching manhood, are considered as evincing considerable talent. There is certainly an originality in his subject matter, and a peculiarity in his rhythm, that few poets can lay claim to."

"And then, mother, some of his prose writings, how full of ingenuity they are, and how strangely and unexpectedly to the denouement they are led. For instance, in that remarkable story, 'The Gold Bug,' who that has ever read it, or ever may read it, can possibly anticipate the finale?"

"It is a great pity that Mr. Poe with his undoubted mental ability, had not the requisites in his character to make him a successful man."

"Oh! mother," cried Isabel, "I see some one riding up the avenue, but so completely covered with snow, I am unable to distinguish who it is. I believe it is Pa. If it is he, all your anxiety will be removed, and you can sing with the poet 'Come rest in this—'"

"A truce with your nonsense, Isabel. Such stuff will do for giddy creatures as you, but not for me."

"La, mother!" and going behind her, Isabel threw her arms endearingly around her mother's neck, and with eyes full of love, and full of mischief, too, looked into her eyes, "La mother, how silly you are. You just want to pretend that the tender flame don't burn now, as in days of yore. Why one could suppose that under the divine influence of the heavenly passion, for years piled on years, that the habit of loving had been so confirmed, as to be indeed a second nature, and that you would not care who knew that you loved, or were loved."

"I do think, Bel, you are the greatest tease I ever saw. Go away, and trouble me no farther."

"Mother one kiss."

"There you have it. Go and help your father draw off his damp coat."

In a few minutes, Mr. Ringgold, a hale hearty man of probably fifty-five, came in.

"Mr. Ringgold, I have been somewhat anxious about you, and had partly given out seeing you before morning, it is so stormy."

"Yes wife, I had at one time decided to stay till to-morrow morning, but there are so many things to be attended to at home, which are more apt to be neglected in this sort of weather than in ordinary, that I concluded to brave the storm and come, but I tell you the wind is keenly bitter, and the snow quite deep."

"I am very glad that you decided to come."

"Well, wife, I have got something to tell you which I think will make you open your eyes a little wider than usual, and I think that I can safely give you until to-morrow morning to do some guessing. I think that I have seen a gentleman to-day, that may with some certainty, be set down as a beau of Imogene Sparks."

"What!" (and here the work which had been so diligently prosecuted for several hours, fell to the floor) "a beau of Imogene Sparks!" echoed Mrs. Ringgold.

"What is it, mother?" asked Isabel, who just coming in, caught the last sentence.

"Your father has given us a guessing cap, Isabel. We are to guess some improbable admirer of Imogene Sparks."

"Who can it be, mother? Was it Albert Jones, Beverly Gray, or Charles Everett?"

"No, daughter," replied Mr. Ringgold.

"Was it David Beason, Edward Mason, or Franklin Gill?"

"Neither of them."

"Was it George Allen, Horatio Miller, or Isaac Powell?"

"Neither, my love."

"Why, who can it be, Pa? Was it Joseph Wood, Kenton Harper, or Leander Maupin?"

"Not right yet, daughter."

"Why, I don't know but two or three more gentlemen, Pa, and neither of them scarcely ever spoke to a lady. Of course it is useless to guess Morton Montgomery, or—"

"No it isn't useless, either, for he is the very man."

"He the man?" again echoed Mrs. Ringgold.

"You do not mean to say, Mr. Ringgold, that Morton Montgomery is waiting upon Imogene Sparks?"

"I believe it is so, my love."

"Well, upon my word, wonders indeed I, will, never cease."

And now supper being over, we will leave the trio to the quiet enjoyment of the hour. Mr. Ringgold to his pipe, Mrs. Ringgold to the aforesaid work, and Isabel to the Piano, and return to our former friends.

### CHAPTER IV.

A talk with the reader, and a talk between friends.

As the dimly faint gleamings to the eastward, and the alternate challenges of sundry chancellors announced the approach of day to the denizens of the surrounding country, our friends, Alfred and Morton, reached the room of the latter. I hope none of my readers are of the distrustful or suspicious sort. I hope neither of them has already said, "What are they out after twelve at night, and until morning for?" After no good, I think I hear an-

other say, "Dear reader, it is not always under cover of gloom and darkness, that the assassin, and the burglar, and the plotter against another's rights, stalk forth to commit their deeds of crime and wickedness, nor on the other hand, is it always under the bright blaze of the meridian sun, that deeds, whether of genuine or pseudo philanthropy, are performed? No, verily! We propose, gentle reader, before we part with you, not to reveal deeply laid, and abominable plots of infamy and crime, but while occupying a more congenial position, and basking under the brighter influence of social life, (for it is only by close proximity that you can properly delineate it) to illustrate virtue, not as a conglomerated alloy, not as is too often the case in the present day, an article as it were of traffic, but as the unbought, and even unsolicited and ceaseless gushings forth of hearts, firmly and unchangeably interwoven by the closest and dearest ties of blood or esteem.

Morton, true to his promise, had revealed the secret of his love to Alfred. He had told him that his mother had been taken from him a few years before, and old as his father was, it was only a reasonable anticipation, that before very long, he too must be removed by death. Furthermore, that though vigorous and active, he was getting on to that period in life, when he could not reasonably expect to enter so heartily upon the pursuits and occupations of days gone by. With these feelings his mental perception turned naturally, homeward. There, he felt that he must soon occupy a solitary position. What was the remedy? Why, to place a divinity there, one whom he could love and cherish and esteem. He had seen, admired, addressed and won Miss Sparks, and in about two months was to be united to her in marriage.

"Dear Morton, I know not whether to congratulate you or not," exclaimed Alfred. "The fact is, I find myself occupying a strange position. I must confess that you are lucky, but I am in another category, that is very unlucky, for anything you do that does not include me, places me, of course, in that fix. But Morton, (and here he extended his hand) I am selfish. I heartily congratulate you, and wish you the most unlimited earthly happiness."

"Alfred, hereafter as heretofore, you are welcome to my house and home, as frequently and as often as you please, and I shall be grieved if you please to make your visits too long apart. And if in the new relation I am to occupy, I cannot accompany you in your jaunts as heretofore, you may rest perfectly assured, that I esteem you as highly as ever, and that I shall ever regard you as a sincere and tried friend."

"Morton, I have no need of such assurances. But this affair of yours was gotten up in considerable haste, was it? Here's the conception, the working, and the denouement of the plot, sprung upon me almost at the same period of time."

The conception, Monamis, has been less recent than is the remainder of your programme, and as for that, there was less reason for delay than usual. Miss Imogene and I have been acquainted a number of years, and although she cannot have known as much good of me, as I knew of her, she was willing to take me for better or for worse.

The bell then sounded, and Morton and his guest now repaired to the breakfast room, where they found Mr. Montgomery and his maiden sister, who had been residing with the family ever since the marriage of her brother. The usual salutations being exchanged, the party, without further ceremony, took their seats.

"It has been some time, Mr. Carson, since we have had this pleasure," remarked the old gentleman, in a tone of exceeding blandness.

"My dear sir, I am sorry to confess my delinquency in this matter. I am scarcely able to say why it is so. Probably the best reason I could give for it is, that I am a poor hand at visiting. I can assure you, my dear sir, that if I followed my inclinations, I should trouble you too often with my presence."

"We certainly have had no reason to complain on that score, so far," said the lady whom we shall designate as Miss Ellen, and strict etiquette would not admit of it, if we had the right."

"I see that I have got to do better," replied Alfred, "and I shall try to occupy neither extremes for the future."

"That's a good boy," said Morton, "extremes are generally unfavorable positions, though there is usually a choice in extremes, but in this case, Alfred, what you would call the unfavorable extreme, we regard as the favorable one, and so vice versa. In other words your society will always be esteemed by us, no matter how often or how long we have it."

The meal being despatched, the younger gentlemen, after a short stroll, and an inspection of the stock, repaired to their chamber, where for the purpose of obtaining the necessary repose, we shall leave them for the present.

(To be continued.)

### THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

It was a noble and beautiful answer that Queen Victoria gave to an African Prince, who sent an embassy, with costly presents, and asked her in return to tell him the secret of England's greatness and England's glory.—She sent him, not the number of her fleet, not the number of her armies, not the account of her boundless merchandise, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not, like Herakleus, in an evil hour show the ambassador her diamonds, and her jewels, and her rich ornaments, but, handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said: "Tell the Prince that THIS IS THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS."

## THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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## "The Times" and Politics.

In exciting times like the present, many allowances are to be made for what some might call, and say, they become so completely absorbed upon some one subject, so jealous of opinion, that forced constructions are placed upon words and actions of others, to suit the bias of their own minds.

The following paragraph from the Western Sentinel, and copied into several Democratic papers, is of this character:

"The Greensboro Times, in its last issue, publishes the three Electoral tickets now recognized in this State, and heads that of Mr. Breckinridge, the 'Secession Ticket.' Was it not for the fact that we have for some weeks noticed a political bias in favor of Bell in the editorial columns of the Times, we should be tempted to consider the foregoing a mere *l'apin p'apin*. The Times professes to be a family and literary paper, neutral in politics, and as such is patronized by numbers of sterling Democrats. If it intends to do this neutrality, and expose the cause of Mr. Bell, let it say so openly, and not be establishing the Democracy under cover. The Democratic party through its organs in this State has repeatedly and flatly contradicted the assertion that it favors secession, and we hope the Times will make the necessary correction."

We gladly answer the *Sentinel*. In the first place, the *Sentinel* has misquoted us; the Breckinridge Ticket was headed "Secession Democratic Ticket," in contradistinction to the "Regular Democratic Ticket," since every body knows there cannot be two regular Democratic tickets, as delegates were appointed to only one Convention. But there are two Democratic tickets, and since there can be only one regular ticket, the other must have been made by seceders from the regular convention, which would necessarily make it the "Secession Democratic Ticket," in contradistinction to the "Regular Democratic Ticket." Does the *Sentinel* deny that the men who nominated Mr. Breckinridge seceded from the regular Democratic Convention? If so, our political information is terribly at fault, and the *Sentinel* is to some extent to blame for it, because he published the proceedings of the Convention which nominated Mr. Breckinridge, under the head, in large type, of "THE SECESSION CONVENTION."

The Times has "a political bias in favor of Bell," says the *Sentinel*, in its next charge. We deny this emphatically, and demand of the *Sentinel* the proof.

## "The Dogs."

In many cities there is a "Dog Poll," whose duty it is to catch every dog running at large, and if not redeemed within a certain time, to kill him. The Petersburg Express says the number of dogs captured in that city under this law since the 1st of July, is two hundred and thirty, of which some twenty-five were redeemed.

We are in for the dog law; there are too many of the canine species at large, by many thousands for the good of the country. Let there be a general staying in country, as well as in city, this autumn by half, and by half again, and still there will be too many. They are not only an expense, but a nuisance. Kill your dogs and raise sheep, and you will prosper more abundantly.

THE *Home Magazine* for October is received. The embellishment for this number is portrait of Gen. Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Italian hero, engraved by Sartain from an original photograph. There is also in this number a sketch of his life and times, taken from *Columb's New Monthly*.

HARPER'S *MAGAZINE* for October is received, fully illustrated about 70 pictures, and with the usual variety of reading.

We are indebted to the publisher, Rev. W. E. Wellers, for a copy of an address prepared for the young ladies of Holy Neek Female Seminary, near Greensboro, Virginia, by Wm. H. Wiley, the invalid, with whom our readers were formerly so well acquainted.

## A BEAUTIFUL EXPRESSION.

Rev. Dr. Palmer of this city, is acknowledged to be one of the most eloquent ministers in the United States. He uses no manuscript in the pulpit, and consequently has that freedom which is necessary to true oratory, giving full scope to the inspiration of his subject. One Sunday evening, last year, we listened to a sermon in which he was speaking of God as recognized in his works. His whole discourse was marked by earnestness and a perfect command of language. Towards the close, when the whole congregation had become warmed up by the fervor of his eloquence, he raised his voice and exclaimed in tones which all who heard him will remember: "The galaxy which arches the heavens so grandly to night, is the glorious pathway of the Creator through the universe. And the myriad stars which besprinkle it are the golden dust that rises up in the wake of his chariot wheels."—*New Orleans Delta*, Sept. 3.

## The Prince in the United States.

Baron Renfrew (the Prince) having a grand tour through the United States. Excitement is very great and enthusiastic wherever he goes. He reached Detroit, from Canada West, Thursday night 20th. The Detroit and Milwaukee ferry steamer in which the party crossed to the American side, was most gorgeously decorated.

When the steamer had reached the American waters, Mayor Bush, in behalf of the city of Detroit, we named Baron Renfrew to the United States. Arranged in the river, and covering a space of nearly a mile in length, was a large fleet of river and lake vessels, their rigging being hung with beautifully variegated lamps and decorated with banners and emblems inscribed with words of greeting.

As the steamer made its circuitous passage through the fleet, each vessel sent forth a perfect shower of rockets and fireworks. The warehouses fronting the river were splendidly illuminated; fireworks were let off from the docks, and the whole river was one complete blaze of light, making one of the grandest displays ever witnessed.

An escort for the royal party, composed of the firemen of the city, bearing torches, and most of the city military had been arranged, but the crowd was so great that it was found impossible for the procession to form after the party landed.

After some delay and the greatest confusion, the Prince was taken to a close carriage and driven to the Ku sell House, unrecognized by the crowd, his suit following in carrying a escort by the driver with torches.

The next morning the Prince attempted to ride through the city. A magnificent open barouche, drawn by four magnificent white horses, had been provided for the interesting occasion. The whole party seated themselves in the barouche, when the immense crowd gathered around, and a locked up the avenue so thickly as to make it next thing to impossible to proceed. After a few minutes was given for the Prince, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed.

The carriage was followed by an immense crowd on foot, many hanging to the wheels, while the streets and sidewalks on the route were literally black with people, who repeated the royal party at every turn. Such a rabble and scene of confusion was never witnessed here before.

After driving through a few of the principal streets, followed by the inevitable crowd at every step, the party proceeded to the depot, and took their departure for Chicago, amid the firing of a salute and other demonstrations.

All along the route to Chicago, immense crowds were gathered to get a peep at the Prince, but he kept his car all day and did not show himself. At Chicago, he was received with as much enthusiasm as at Detroit.

The 22nd (Saturday) the Prince left Chicago for his hunting expedition between Kaukaia and Dwight's Station, which, we presume will be a magnificent hunt. He will stay over Sunday at the private residence of Mr. Morgan, and proceed on Monday to St. Louis. He will go from that city on Tuesday, via the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, to Cincinnati, and thence by Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, across the Alleghenies. He will leave Pittsburgh on the 2nd of October for Harrisburg, where he will be received by the Governor of the State. The next day he will proceed to Baltimore and Washington, where his stay will probably be prolonged. From Washington it is probable he will proceed to the South, to Richmond, Virginia. It is said his presence is urgently demanded at home by the 1st of October.

## The Fate of Gen. Walker.

The startling, though not altogether unexpected, news has been received that General Walker and his men have been captured, and the former, with his second in command, shot. This ends the last expedition to Central America under Gen. Walker, the "grey-headed man of destiny."

The last installment of the present expedition, called on New Orleans on the 20th April, and arrived at Roatan Island the 31st, of the same month. Gen. Walker himself, however, did not arrive till the 13th of June, soon after which the expedition organized, in all about one hundred men.

On the 21st of June the entire party, with Gen. Walker in command, left Roatan for the Island of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan, where arms, ammunition and provisions had been collected. Thence they sailed again on the 27th for Honduras, but not direct. The British man of war *Leurus*, was watching them, and over a month was consumed in watching her in turn. On the 6th of August, however, while the officers of the *Leurus* were enjoying themselves at Belize, the expedition quietly effected its landing at Truxillo, and took possession of the city. Of the manner in which Gen. Walker was compelled to abandon this city, our readers are familiar. How much better for him, as the sequel proved, had he accepted of the terms of surrender offered by the British Commander of the *Leurus* for himself and party to be escorted under British protection safe and without charge to the United States. These terms he refused, and by night fled from the city of Truxillo into the country.

On the 2nd inst., an expedition was fitted out from the port of Truxillo for the capture of Walker and his men, consisting of the *Leurus* and a smaller vessel, with native Honduran troops. This expedition was successful, and captured Walker apparently without resistance.

On delivering the prisoners into the hands of the Hondurans, it is said, the British Commander demanded that Walker's followers, both officers and men, except Col. Radler, should be permitted to return unharmed to the United States—this, however, only on condition that they look out never hereafter to serve in any other expedition against Central America. Their passage home, moreover, was to be paid by the American Consul, Mr. Pollin. In favor of Walker himself, and Col. Radler his second in command, no conditions were exacted. They were delivered up to be dealt with according to the laws of the country, and it is believed, have already been shot.

## Important From Europe.

The Steamship *Atlantic* arrived at New York the 21st. Her news is thus telegraphed:

Garibaldi, with his staff entered Naples on the 8th. Intense joy prevailed. A provisional government was formed. The city was tranquil. The fleet arrived and was assigned to the command of Admiral Persano. Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy. The capitulation of the forts was expected immediately. Russia desires perfect concord with Austria. Austria was in a state of siege. France as the Pope's protector will withdraw her protection from Saragossa. If the latter sanctions the accession of pope to the throne, Garibaldi found eighty millions of lives at the Bank of Naples.

The Saragossa flag was flying from all the forts of Naples. A panic prevailed at Rome.

## HAVANA SLAVE TRADE.

A correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* writes from Havana, under date Sept. 10th, as follows:

A cargo of slaves has been landed near Chinaman, but one or two others have been captured. Government seems now in earnest to put down the trade, claying, no doubt, orders recently received from Madrid. Several officials have been disgraced lately, and I am informed that the late Governor of Sagua has been removed and ordered to continue his services in Spain. For having allowed a cargo of two to be disembarked. He does not appear to be much chastised, as with \$50,000 to \$60,000 in his pocket, he can be arranged pretty much to his satisfaction, and he spins more so.

Another cargo of Chinese has been landed in this port—the French ship *Alexander Delphine*, with 100 emigrants from Macao.

## A PEN PORTRAIT OF GARIBOLDI.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, says:

"A gentleman, who has just returned from Europe, sought the acquaintance and utility of the society of Garibaldi for the express purpose of testing its merits by familiarity. The admiration for the chief is unbounded. He says that no higher or exaltedness, of prestige, of personal importance or objects, appears to enter the mind of the brave patriot; he is necessarily able to every one; he has nothing to conceal, pursues his great purpose with a cooler equal to his courage and a singleness of heart that reminds one of the noblest models of primitive faith and bravery; in his habits Garibaldi is stoical; he craves nothing stronger than coffee, and eats no animal food; his wardrobe consists mainly of two red flannel shirts—at least, such was the report followed during weeks of his intercourse with his American friend. It is this self-abnegation, this moral consistency, this absence of pretension, which makes Garibaldi beloved and respected by the masses. The press continues to speculate upon his ultimate success, and seems comparatively insensible to what he has achieved, whether under him Italy becomes united and free or not—he is remembered that the entire population of Sicily at this moment breathe freely—that the crowds of political prisoners are restored to their families, free unless exchanged once more at home—the *demon Fear* for the time exorcised, and Liberty makes glad the hearts of a long crushed people—all through one man's resolute heroism and humanity."

## COL. RADLER.

Col. Radler, of Alabama, who was shot by the Hondurans, with Gen. Walker, was an officer in one of the Southern Volunteer regiments during the Mexican war. He emigrated to California in 1859. A letter says:

He was an active member of the Whig party during the Presidential election in 1852, and in 1854 he received the nomination of that party for the office of Sheriff of San Joaquin county, but was defeated by the Democratic party, which elected their whole ticket. In 1855 he disposed of his property and left California to join General Walker in Nicaragua, and has up to this time been with him in all his expeditions. It was Col. Radler's greatest fault in having been, by some unaccountable means, intrusted with Walker and his destiny, although those who are well acquainted with Col. Radler will readily admit that he was in every respect the superior of General Walker, in point of sound judgement and discretion, and had he been the leader of the party in Nicaragua a far different result would have been realized. Col. Radler was a true and brave soldier, gentlemanly in all his intercourse with his fellow-men, mild and quiet in his demeanor, and honorable in all his dealings; he certainly deserved a better fate, and his death will cast a gloom over a large circle of friends, both in the Southern States and California. Col. Radler was a young man, not far from thirty years of age.

## CHEERING INDICATIONS.

The mercantile aspect of the Wholesale Houses on Hayne and Meeting streets, gives every cheering indications of an active fall business. On Wednesday the side walks were lined with boxes of goods marked for shipment to the in-

terior towns of our own State, and to various parts of the country in Georgia, Alabama and Florida.

The bustle among the clerks, packers and markers in filling the orders for goods ready for shipment, gives an appearance of animation very gratifying to witnesses.

A goodly number of country merchants are now in the city, purchasing their usual supply of fall and winter goods.—*Charleston Courier*.

## THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

The Rev. J. G. Gungoly, the Brahmin convert, during a lecture at Belfast, Ireland, on 7th ult., gave a "correct idea of the car of Juggernaut." Having sketched an outline of the history of this great Hindu deity, he went on to say that, instead of Juggernaut being, as had been represented by travelers, a cruel and despotic god, that revealed in the destruction of poor people, and gloried in their being crushed to atoms beneath the wheels of his car, he was the most merciful and peaceful of all the Hindu deities. It was an entirely mistaken idea of the missionaries to say otherwise. Juggernaut meant the "Heart of the Universe," and the e would be nothing wrong in a Christian addressing his Heavenly Father in prayer, "Oh, thou Juggernaut." The car was either large or small, according to the wealth of the worshippers. In the lecturer's village there were four cars—one perhaps fifty feet high, fourteen feet or fourteen feet at one base, and beautifully decorated with a great image of the deity seated on a throne. The car was drawn twice in the year—at the end of June and the beginning of July. Accidents might occur with the car of Juggernaut, just as accidents happen in this country from railway and other carriages; but to say that it was part of the worship of Juggernaut to sit yourself under the wheels of the car, was a mistake. The car which existed in the place he (Mr. Gungoly) came from never killed either man or woman, and it was so old that a new one had lately to be made. He had, indeed, seen four stout men crushed to atoms in a minute under the car of the god; but in every religion there were subjects of infatuation who thought that by torturing their bodies they secured admission to heaven. Juggernaut demanded no human sacrifices; he was the Brahmin god of love, of peace and mercy.

## WOMAN'S COURAGE.

No one can have read the statement of the clerk of the steamer which went down on Friday night, without being struck by its description of the bearing of the ladies. "They were pale, but silent; there was not a cry or a shriek." The fortitude and resignation of men may have failed, but theirs failed not. So it is always in the great exigencies, which women are called to meet. When troubles or dangers are out-sight, they are more excited and more alarmed than men. But let an overwhelming calamity bury the fortunes and hopes of the husband, or father, or brother in sudden night, let disease or accident strike him down and stretch him on the bed of keenest suffering, then when strong men's hearts fail them, when their nerves are unstrung, when quaking fear or hopeless despondency takes possession of their souls, the frail weak woman rises with elasticity and calm determination to the demands of the terrible emergency, and with untiring hand and cheerful voice she hastens to perform those blessed ministrations, or which the might of men was inadequate. How many scenes of danger have we heard described—confagurations, assassinations, shipwrecks—in which women have, with heroic patience and submission bowed meekly to their fate, and have taught the sublime lesson of Christian resignation to the husbands and fathers who were with them. In the hour of trial her weakness becomes strength—her sensibility is swallowed up in faith. There women of renown in the *Lady Elfin*—men whose names are known through the wide world—but none of them ever did a braver or more heroic deed than was achieved by those noble women who sat in silence awaiting their death.—*Providence Journal*.

## MARRIED.

In Patrick county, on the 5th inst., A. J. Roscoe, of Bedford county, Va., to Miss Nancy Smith, of Stokes county, N. C.

In Patrick county, Va., on 6th inst., Rev. L. E. Way to Miss Sallie J. Jones, daughter of Abraham Jones, Esq.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 15th inst., Mr. W. C. Bromley to Miss Caroline Allison, of Culpeper county, also on the 20th, Mr. W. R. Bolton to Miss E. J. Haver.

In Roanoke county, on the 4th inst., Mr. A. P. Turner, of Mecklenburg, to Miss Mary Ann Jenkins.

In Wilkes county, on the 16th inst., Mr. John F. Pratt, of Rockingham co., and Miss Martha Jane Ragsdale.

In Guilford county, Mr. Robert Hammer, of Ashboro, to Miss Mary E. daughter of William Young, Esq.

In Campbell county, Va., at Hazel Hill, on the 1st ult., J. E. Tompkins, Esq. of Halifax, to Miss Ellen Jefferson.

## DIED.

In Union county, on the 10th inst., David Baxter Pifer, aged 23 years. In early life the deceased sought and obtained the post of great price—joined the M. E. Church and continued an acceptable member until summoned away by death.

In Wilson, on the 4th inst., Mrs. Ellen E. Godlin, wife of Rev. N. A. H. Godlin, of the North Carolina Conference.

In Franklin county, on the 8th inst., at the residence of his brother, John H. Harris, of Typhoid fever, Thomas R. Harris, aged 23 years.

In Wake county, on Thursday the 13th inst., of Typhoid fever, Miss Samantha Helen Bagwell, in the 18th year of her age.

In Robeson county, on the 19th inst., Mrs. Mary C., wife of Allen McCormick, and youngest daughter of Rev. Daniel Brown, deceased, in the 45th year of her age.

## COMMERCIAL.

## Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

Baron 120 lbs. beef hams, browned 25c, better 15c extra. 180 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 200 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 400 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 600 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 800 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 1000 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 1200 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 1400 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 1600 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 1800 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 2000 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 2200 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 2400 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 2600 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 2800 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 3000 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 3200 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 3400 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 3600 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 3800 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 4000 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 4200 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 4400 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 4600 lbs. hams, tail 2 lbs. extra 25c. 4800 lbs. 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